Ockhams Sampler

Extracts from
the finalist books in the
General Non-Fiction Award
at the 2025 Ockham
New Zealand Book Awards

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The General Non-Fiction Award

The General Non-Fiction Award at the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards recognises excellence in primarily text-based non-fiction work from one or more authors. The winner of the 2025 award will receive $12,000 in prize money.

Judging the category this year are author, writer and facilitator Holly Walker (convenor); author, editor and historical researcher Ross Calman (Ngāti Toa, Ngāti Raukawa, Ngāi Tahu); and communications professional, writer and editor Gilbert Wong.

The judges say that the four titles they shortlisted span a wide range of subject matter: from the collective amnesia of settler colonialism to the specifics of fabric weaving, from a personal history of feminist and Māori activism to the scientific history of ambergris. "But they all share something in common: the bravery to confront big, scary, existential questions, and to report back on the experience in ways that make meaning for readers," they say.

This Ockhams Sampler gives you a taste of the writing craft at play in each of this year's shortlisted books in the General Non-Fiction category. You can read the judges' comments about each finalist at the start of that title's extract.

Look out for samplers of the finalists in the other three categories in the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. You will find them here:

www.issuu.com/nzbookawards
www.anzliterature.com
https://www.nzbookawards.nz/new-zealand-book-awards/resources/

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Published by **Te Herenga Waka University Press**

Bad Archive

JUDGES' COMMENTS

These beautifully crafted and meditative essays are by turns moving, delightful and challenging. Building on each other in unexpected but always illuminating ways, taken together they present an intimate portrait of the author Flora Feltham's life and relationships, and invite the reader to reflect on the duality of love and grief, the meaning of family and the importance of craft – with both words and textiles – in the making of meaning.

Extract from A Portrait of My Mother overleaf

A Portrait of My Mother

Ah, I think, so this is autumn: the season when spiders come inside. Outside, a cold weeknight drapes itself over the suburbs, and in other people's houses I assume time is passing as it should, with gym clothes and leftovers and scrolling. But the spider and I stand still, together outside time. She'd emerged into my peripheral vision as I stepped from the shower, and scurried into the space where my husband removed the bathtub. I peer into the corner from a safe distance and wrap the towel tighter around me. Water begins to pool on the floor at my feet. I eyeball the spider. The spider doesn't move. Evening continues.

When my mother still rescued me from spiders, she could scoop them up with her bare hands. I remember those bitten nails and her freckled forearms. *Don't worry*, she'd say to me, laying her hand on the floor or in the empty tub, *they're more scared of you than you are of them*, and then, to the spider, who by now would be stepping gingerly onto her palm, *Come on, that's it.* She'd smile back at me. *Can you open the window for me please, doll?* And I would fling the window open and retreat. My mother would lean out and place the spider onto a plant. *There you are.*

Tonight her voice still wafts through my brain, like a draught that whispers *It's more scared of you*, and for a little moment I can see myself as the spider might. I am large, I am clumsy. I have so few legs. My mother's voice will always arrive in my mind, usually a quick second after my own, because she was the kind of mother who talked to her children constantly, quietly narrating the world to me, and shaping it like someone kneading dough. She seldom talked down to us.

Like, her rule was: if you want to play sport, honey, you'll need to ask your father to drive you. Saturday mornings were for dozing in bed or drinking bottomless cups of milky tea and reading. She read dense, philosophical novels by Iris Murdoch and Elias Canetti. There, her thoughts could splash in a pool that lay out of reach on regular days, while she taught small children how to wash their hands and played nursery rhymes on the piano.

You see, when she met my father, my mother was tiny and boyish and cute, an Ethics 101 tutor in Dunedin, all high-waisted corduroys and a shaggy haircut. She wielded her mind like a paring knife. Principled and exact. She used phrases like 'subordinate clause' and 'sufficient conditions' with ease. Eventually, she was dragged kicking and screaming (her words) to Wellington. After she got pregnant with my older brother, her PhD withered and fell away.

Not a rule but a request, spoken gently, crouched down at child height, as she buttoned up my padded jacket against the wind: 'Could you call me Vicky, please?' She explained, standing right there on the path, that 'mum' was a word people whined, a word screeched through the house into the kitchen. It was a word that engulfed women. I nodded solemnly. Also, I liked using her name and said it before all my questions, certain my mother had all the answers. *Vicky, could I please have a biscuit? Vicky, what's that tree?*

Once, on the way to swimming, I asked her, 'Vicky, what were you like when you were young?'

She didn't take her eyes off the road. 'I don't think I was half as sweet as you, my beloved. I had to leave David Washburn's 21st because I threw all the empty champagne glasses into the fireplace.'

Quiet beside her in the car and now lost for words, I couldn't imagine this version of her. I still can't. My five-foot-nothing mother, who's always trying to convince people to come aqua-jogging and who sends me photos of her cherry blossom tree. She rings her best friend's mum twice a week, to pass on news and hear what happened on *Shortland Street*. My mother's friend has been sick for months and can't face explaining—yet again—to his mum that he needs radiotherapy. But someone needs to remind Elaine when she forgets, to gently clarify what's going on.

Every day after her four kids went to school my mother disappeared into her writing room and wrote short stories. She emerged each afternoon, back into the clamour of family life, to tie herself to the kitchen and cook. Someone always whined *Viiiicky I'm hungry, when's dinner?* And, somehow, still, every single evening after the dishes and baths and bedtime negotiations were done, she found time to read me books. One year we read all the Narnia stories in a row—except *The Last Battle*. She had her reasons. Sitting on my bed she said, 'Love, pay no mind to that story. Can you see how it's not ethical? C. S. Lewis kills off Susan for liking boys and wearing lipstick.'

Once, driving me to a high-school dance, she said, 'Flordor, I don't care who you like or how much, but make sure you wait until university to have sex. Your clitoris will have a much better time.' I blushed from the passenger seat. I also remember her using a different word, one that also begins with a *c*. She isn't even sure this conversation ever happened. She might be right, but I still like to think of my mother as the kind of woman who can say 'cunt' with tenderness and care.

One winter morning, I rang my mother from my university hostel in Dunedin, homesick after only a few months living in her hometown, dumbfounded by first-year epistemology.

'I can't do it,' I sobbed. 'I just can't. I don't understand anything. Vicky, what does "synthetic a priori" even mean?' I was crouched on the floor of the phone cubby, and the other kids in the common room could probably hear me wailing. 'I hate Kant, and I'm so *uncool* here, I don't have any friends.'

'Slow down,' my mother said. 'Start at the beginning. What's this about Kant?' She sipped her milky tea. 'He's talking about different kinds of truth, my angel, and the way you acquire them. He's asking, is it reason or experience?'

I slumped back against the wall and relaxed, saved once again. Maybe I didn't hate Kant. These philosophers, they're lucky we have mothers.

It somehow came up years later, too, when I was an adult with a bathroom and weeknights and dishes of my own, that my mother had always been scared of spiders. It took all her willpower to touch them and drop them outside.

I gawked at her. 'But you never said anything.'

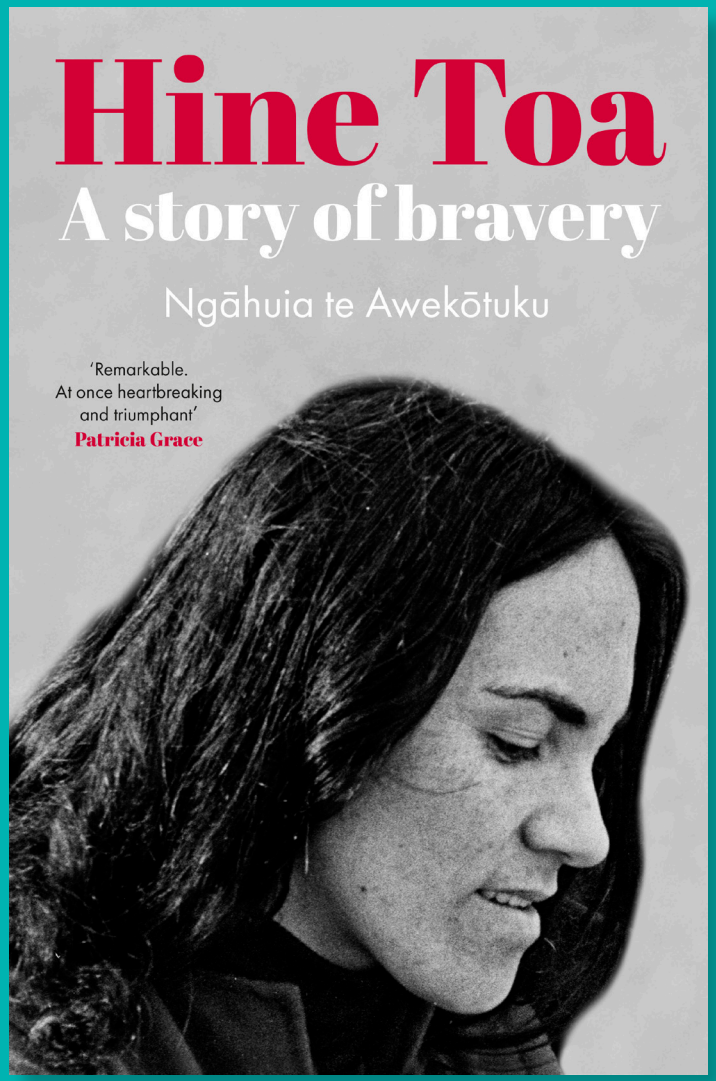
She shrugged. 'You were scared, and someone had to do it.'

The water keeps pooling and my big autumn spider heads for the door, running in the way that only something with eight legs can. I lunge into her path and trap her under the empty toothbrush glass.

'Oof, sorry,' I say, 'I'll get you out of here in a minute.'

I'm less gracious than my mother, as I address this creature I'm about to bundle outside. I leave the spider there for a minute and ferret out a piece of paper. I also need to put some clothes on because the April evening is getting cold and I haven't lit the fire yet. I decide to place the spider by the vine near the front door, something sturdy enough to hold her weight.

As I usher her out into the night, I think, Ah, so this is what it means to mother myself.



Published by **HarperCollins Publishers Aotearoa New Zealand**

Hine Toa: A Story of Bravery

JUDGES' COMMENTS

Hine Toa defies easy categorisation. It is a rich, personal, stunningly evocative and creative memoir of Ngāhuia te Awekōtuku's life, from early childhood on 'the pā' at Ōhinemutu to academic achievements such as being the first wahine Māori to be awarded a PhD in New Zealand. But it is also a fiery social and political history of this country through the mid late 20th century from a vital, queer, Māori, feminist perspective that deserves – and here claims – centre stage.

Extract from Revolution | Huri Noa overleaf

The year 1969 was one of hard, grinding work, framed by protest against America in Vietnam, coloured by more immediate local inequities and flavoured by theatrical fancies. I managed to focus on my studies, still determined to get through – and get through well. I scored above average marks in Arts subjects, particularly English, and consistently made C- or lower in Law subjects like Torts and Contract Law. This puzzled me, and it disturbed Dianne.

This time we raised it directly with the lecturers. We were supported by Miss Ringwood, a volunteer tutor and lawyer committed to social justice. She helped students with assignments and was perplexed by my low grades, as Dianne had been when we worked together on our essays and were graded so differently. But every inquiry was blanked or deferred. The tutors continued to snigger at us. Miss Ringwood suggested that it was a structural problem somehow too big and too deep for us to move; she called it racism. She confronted some of the senior staff, who declared that this was New Zealand, and everyone, even the likes of me, got a fair go.

And we knew that was a lie. In the live performance of mooting, judged by objective outsiders, I gained the second-highest score – my only moment of triumph in that school. This was perceived as an anomaly and quickly dismissed.

Miss Ringwood's continuing support and my ongoing study with Dianne saw me make it through the terms process and to the final examinations. But by the third term of 1969, I realised that the Law School would never let me thrive, that

everything about it was hostile. I believed them when they told me, without words, that I had no right to be there. I went out fighting.

That year, America landed a spacecraft on the moon, and their agent planted a tin flag. In a Land Law lecture, we listened to the live broadcast; we were exultant and intellectually enthralled. After weeks of desiccated English statutes, here we were, living and listening to history! Humans about to colonise and control another heavenly body, to exploit, occupy, command and dominate through brute force, technology and self-serving legislation, like Land Law. Once the moondust settled, I thought about the long-term impact of that metal pennant thrust into the thin crust of a faraway fabled world; I contemplated what that gesture meant. Blind and righteous greed; the bold enactment of those same predatory values disseminated in our lectures.

Throughout the course, I'd become increasingly disruptive. I couldn't understand why everything led back to the Mother Country, to the laws of the Empire, when New Zealand had its own laws and legal challenges and crunchy litigious stuff that was about *this* land, *these* islands. The new *Māori Affairs Amendment Act* was causing havoc in the courts – I understood that from my mother Erana's passing, as her estate was immense, complicated and extensive, with substantial interests throughout the region. People in the pā gossiped about Aunt Te Aho's set of extremely expensive lawyers brought in from Auckland to systematise and confirm her older sister's holdings. As the mātāmua, firstborn, Erana inherited the majority share of her parents' ancestral lands and heritage items. This reinforced what I

knew; Māori land was a critically important concern.

The lecturer, a drooping caricature, deemed any verbal engagement with me as distasteful – my questions were irrelevant, though they certainly amused the class. Even the other females, all of them except Dianne, snickered softly. I was behaving like an Unruly Native, a living textbook case in their lecture room.

I persisted, asking why we only considered the English system in tutorials and wrote detailed essays about that model. What about issues affecting our own country? Why did we have to digest all this foreign historic material?

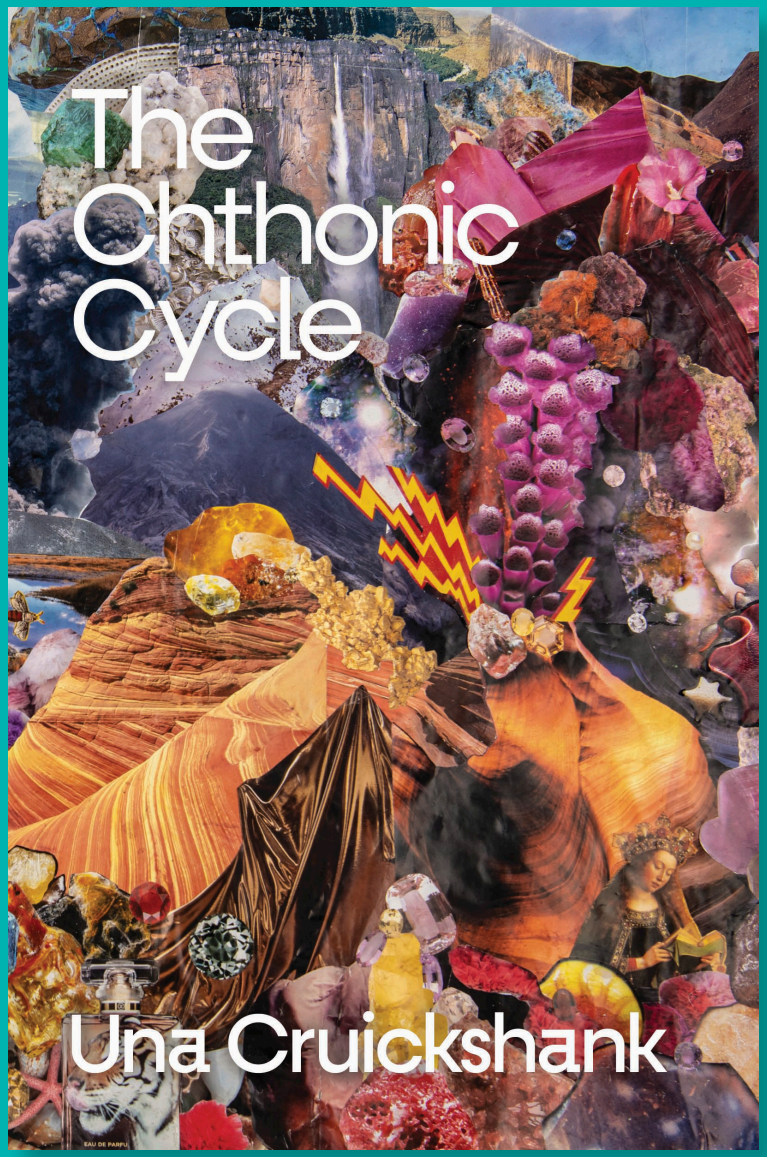
I decided Law, for all my schoolgirl hopes and dreams and plans, was not for me, at least not the law they were teaching at Auckland. I would go to a subject where I could get A passes if I worked as hard as the other clever swots from the drama club. I knew I could keep up with them, so I decided to leave the Law School. On my own terms.

Case law about the Treaty of Waitangi was limited in 1969, and the different judgements and decisions following the 'Māori Wars' were difficult to access. But I burrowed away, mining as much information as possible, unearthing every reference and article on record. I consumed and analysed, unpacked and revisited every word.

For the Land Law finals, I put aside the set examination questions, but my head was down and my pen was racing for those three intense, invigorating hours. I cited case law and significant decisions, some verbatim, to reinforce my argument in forty feverish pages of text. None of it was relevant to the examination, but every phrase exhorted a response. I made two assertions. The first was that the Treaty of Waitangi was the Magna Carta of our country and should be regarded accordingly, rather than derided as an aspirational curiosity. The second was that Māori land issues would become a massive income source for the profession in years to come, and that students, particularly Māori, needed to be prepared for this development now. Rotorua was an outstanding exemplar.

My conclusion was brazen and boldly provocative: by ignoring these issues, the Law School was perpetuating the biases and brutality of a racist colonial government.

I handed in two booklets of packed exam script in their sour yellow covers, and I danced out the door, delighted with myself. I'd had my say, and I expected nothing to come of it. I formally withdrew from the degree.



Published by **Te Herenga Waka University Press**

The Chthonic Cycle

JUDGES' COMMENTS

How would we know if we are living through a mass extinction? Are there signs in the physical archive – the fossils, stories, jewellery and perfumes humans have carried into the 21st century but perhaps failed to interpret? In this singular essay collection, Una Cruickshank unpacks the science and history of pearls, jet, amber, coral and other talismans from the biosphere to open new perspectives on climate change, humanity, and maybe hope.

Extract from the essay
'Red in Root and Branch' overleaf

At the risk of over-identifying with a tiny, brainless creature whose mouth is also its anus, thinking so hard about polyps for so long has raised a lot of unsettling questions that apply to other animals, humans very much included. Such as:

What is a mind, and why can't anybody figure that out after centuries of trying? Can you have a mind without a brain? Senses without sense organs? Is it true that humans have brain cells in their stomachs, and that octopuses have them in their arms? Do I even care what it's like to be a bat?

And:

How much of you is you at all? Assuming you are a standard reference person,[1] your body contains about 29 trillion microorganisms that are alive and have their own priorities. Altogether all this animal life only weighs 200 to 300 grams, but it influences your health, your digestion, possibly even your emotions. Your mind, that blurrily defined thing, contains fragments of all the people you've ever been influenced by, and all the things you've ever experienced, going back to your first days of life. Are we more akin then to the individual polyp or to the collective reef, from which it can never extract itself, from which independence is impossible? It seems instinctively true that our identities are solid, or that at least our bodies are solid, rather than constantly dying and replenishing, that there is nothing slippery about the boundary between you and them

1 Currently defined as a male weighing 70 kilograms and aged 20 to 30.

and we, between human and animal, conscious and not. But really you're a Ship of Theseus, almost every cell replaced within somewhere between three days and 50 years. One per cent of our total cells are replaced every day, about 330 billion of them, so that your skin and hair and blood and organs are not the same ones you started with. You've been replaced, bit by bit, until the whole ship is both arguably the same and arguably new.

This is what happens every time I set out to write about anything: my ambition starts out small and leads to ruin. I SCUBA dive as close as I can to the bottom of book knowledge, past the point where narcosis kicks in, and inevitably I discover that I'm nowhere near the seafloor. There's always more Blue Hole down there. It's been months since I started this essay and my friends are tired of hearing about corals. I'm tired of looking at this stack of library books. We're all wishing I didn't get like this. But there's just so much unknowing left to do.

Here's what I currently think about the Ship of Theseus: maybe it's the same ship as long as each new piece touches an old piece, keeping a chain of custody going. So you don't wake up every day amnesiac and shrieking and dissolving into the sheets.

Coral polyps have barely changed in 250 million years; they are living socks with no brain, no spine, no face. Evolution doesn't appear to have equipped them with a whole lot. Yet they do somehow make sense of their environment, make some kinds of decisions about spawning and cloning, firing their nematocysts, expelling their zooxanthellae. Because sense organs cost a lot of energy to maintain, superfluous

senses tend to either die out or never evolve in the first place. If eyes won't help you feed or mate, because you are a cave salamander living deep underground in the dark, why have them? If anthozoans are simple in body and probably in mind, that's not a reason to look down on them. It's evidence that they are very successful as they are. The earliest ancestors of stony corals appear in fossil record of the Triassic period, when their peers included ichthyosaurs, something similar to the coelacanth, and crinoids. While more complex animals around them either evolved or became extinct, polyps did neither. They were beautifully adapted for their environment from the start.

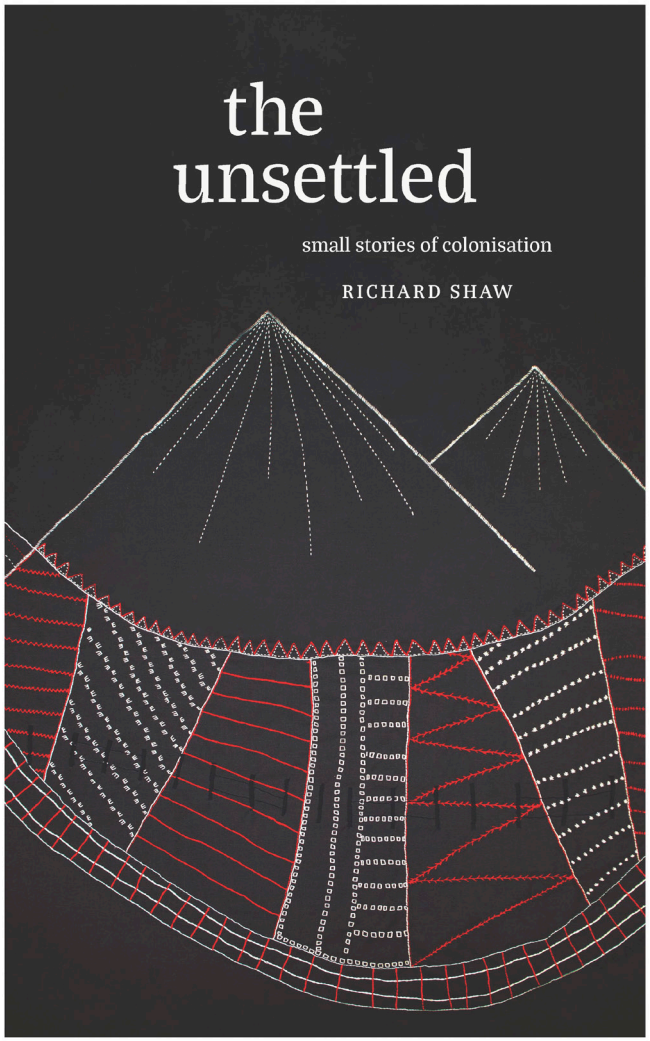
Very recently, however, that environment began to change. Right now, corals are dying with terrifying speed. One third of all coral species are already considered at risk of extinction: half of the world's coral reefs may be dead by 2030. The threats are myriad and most can be traced back to human activity, which kills the living part of the reef much faster than it can regenerate. They include rising temperatures, ocean acidification, pollution, nutrient overload, oil spills, over-harvesting, overfishing, contagious diseases and boat damage. Even sunscreen rinsing off pale-skinned swimmers like myself can kill polyps.

Dying coral expels its zooxanthellae and loses its colour, becoming eerily bleached. No longer growing or regenerating, it crumbles instead, destroyed slowly by the waves and more rapidly by the creatures that eat coral. Someday, nothing is left of the dead reef but powdered coral sand. The carbon that the reef was storing for centuries dissolves back into the ocean, accelerating a vicious cycle of acidification. When a

reef dies, the many other plants and animals that depended on it have nowhere left to shelter, feed or mate, and soon they are gone too.

Polyps are a kind of anti-hero of the sea, who don't intend to do good but incidentally benefit everyone simply by enacting their strange, vicious, comical life cycle. Their unthinkably ancient pattern of spawning and cloning, killing and feeding, until it's time to die and become part of a bone labyrinth, is both a horror and a wonder.

Sometimes in dreams I am back on that beach in Egypt, about to meet living corals for the first time, about to foolishly take them for granted. I'm standing at the base of a cliff that's plastered with memorials, wondering when the Blue Hole will swallow me. I know I too am a small and vicious creature, conceived at random, destructive in my feeding habits, red in tooth and claw. As insignificant as a single coral polyp, a future bone in the bone tower, here to help hold something larger than myself together, until a big wave smashes us all down to our minerals and the ocean knits us into something new, again.



Published by **Massey University Press**

The Unsettled: Small Stories of Colonisation

JUDGES' COMMENTS

Building on his earlier memoir *The Forgotten Coast*, Richard Shaw commits to the confronting but critical work of decolonisation, weaving his own stories and family histories with those of other Pākehā 'settler' descendants willing to look the trauma and intergenerational implications of colonisation in the eye. What if the benign family stories you grew up with masked something very different? An important and timely read for tangata Tiriti.

Extract from Chapter One overleaf

FIND THE BEGINNING', ADVISES EMILY WILSON, in her beautiful translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. Good advice this, but I find it hard to follow, for there are many possible beginnings to this book. I might have gone with the mid-seventeenth century, when Oliver Cromwell's marauding New Model Army confiscated land in the small Irish township of Ballynagreanagh in the east of County Limerick, beginning a process of impoverishment which will lead my great-grandfather, Andrew Gilhooly, to leave the village of his birth and set sail on his own odyssey 200 years later.

Or I could have chosen 1843, the year in which Andrew's father, Hugh, marries Mary Kennedy, whose family had been ushered onto the farm Andrew was born on by the muscle of the Irish Constabulary following the eviction of the previous tenant for non-payment of rent to an absentee English landlord. Or 1877, the year Andrew signed up for the first of what would be 13 years of military service, the first nine spent in the New Zealand Armed Constabulary (AC) and the balance out in the wind and cold at Port Chalmers, in Otago, where he was a bombardier in the artillery corps of New Zealand's first permanent militia.

Instead, I have chosen 5 November 1881, the day on which my great-grandfather, a member of the AC's No. 3 Company, marched into Parihaka with 1588 other men and tore the place down. He was there for the invasion of the pā established in 1866 by Te Whiti o Rongomai and Tohu Kākahi to provide refuge to those who had suffered other invasions; he was there for the destruction of people's homes

and the ruination of their crops; he was there for the years of occupation, during which pass laws were enforced and the hunger bit. He was there, too, for the return, coming back to the Coast in the early 1890s to farm land that was part of the 'great knuckle' of Taranaki and that had been confiscated from mana whenua in 1865.

The three farms Andrew Gilhooly and his wife, Kate Fleming, eventually ran enabled them to break with centuries of Irish penury and reinvent themselves as settlers, members of a tightly knit coastal Taranaki community that orbited around the Catholic church and the family farm. Dispossessed in their own land, they came to Aotearoa and turned themselves into New Zealanders. But they became these new things on land that the colonial state had taken from other people. What was a beginning for them was an ending for others.

None of this was part of the family lore I grew up with (although I did know many other stories about life on the Coast, including the drudgery of milking, the tedium of the Latin mass, and the fortunes of the Taranaki Ranfurly Shield-winning team of the 1950s, which my grandfather Hugh managed). All of it had long since tumbled out of my people's collective memory and fallen down into the dark, forgotten places all families have, replaced on the shelf by our version of the settler story, the one that tells of leaving the old world for the new; that land for this; poverty for something better.

Here are some other things I did not know, once upon a time. For a start, although I had a hazy sense that land had been confiscated from iwi in Taranaki in the mid-1860s, until I reached my fifties I had no idea just how much was taken — some 1,275,000 acres. Neither was I aware that it had been indiscriminately confiscated from 'rebel' and 'loyal' Māori alike (which may explain why, in each of the eight settlements it has negotiated in Taranaki, the Crown has acknowledged that 'the confiscations were indiscriminate in extent and application, wrongful and unjust, and were in breach of the Treaty of Waitangi and its principles'). Ngāti Tama, for instance, lost 74,000 acres. In 1863 the Compensation Court returned 3458 of those acres (just 4.6 per cent of what had been taken) to a number of Ngāti Tama individuals; by 1880 legal title had still not been issued to this land, much of which had, in any event, been reclassified as Crown land in the intervening years.

Neither did I know that the South Road that runs around the Taranaki coast (you'll know it better as State Highway 45, or — if you must — as Surf Highway) was a military road built for the purposes of delivering an invasion force to Parihaka and opening up the land for settlement by Pākehā farmers. My great-grandfather was involved with that, too. The road was the last leg in an invasion infrastructure trifecta, along with the construction of the Cape Egmont lighthouse and the installation of the telegraph.

I had no idea that the suppression of the press meant that it would take two years for full details of what took place at, and after, the invasion of Parihaka — including the forced relocation of over 1500 people, the rape of women and the

destruction of hundreds of acres of crops — to emerge in this country, or that it came to light only because of the insistence of the parliamentary opposition in London that papers to that effect be tabled in the House of Commons.

It had not occurred to me that Parihaka is not just an 'invasion day story'. The AC maintained an occupation force at the pā for nearly five years after the invasion; Major Forster Goring's No. 3 Company — in which my great-grandfather served — finally upped sticks in March 1885. Pass laws restricting the movement of Māori into, out of and within Parihaka first imposed in 1881 were enforced for the duration of the occupation.

I had not heard of the 1882 Indemnity Act, which noted that although 'certain measures adopted by the Government of New Zealand' in the invasion and sacking of Parihaka 'may have been in excess of legal powers', it was found to be 'expedient that the persons acting therein should be indemnified', such that said persons (including my great-grandfather) 'shall be and [are] hereby freed, acquitted, released, indemnified, and discharged of, from, and against all actions, suits, complaints, information, indictments, prosecutions, liabilities, and proceedings whatsoever'.

I did not realise that in 1882, when the Crown finally did get around to giving back some of the land it had taken two decades earlier, it did so in the form of native reserves that were administered not by the Māori owners of the land but by a Crown official, the Public Trustee, who was required to act for both the benefit of 'the natives to whom such reserves belong' and for 'the promotion of settlement'. Unsurprisingly, the second of these imperatives took precedence, and by 1892

control was ebbing away from Māori owners as their land was parcelled out to Pākehā farmers — including my great-grandparents — in leases granted in perpetuity. And for which Māori were ineligible to apply.

Nor did I know that many Māori landowners were charged an occupation licence to live on their own whenua, allowing the Public Trustee 'to decide where on their land they could live and what rent they would have to pay for it'. The licence fee often exceeded the rents Pākehā farmers were charged to farm Māori land, such that people who owned land they could not live on sometimes found themselves in debt. In a letter written in 1909, the Public Trustee helpfully explains that the system was established to 'encourage natives to abandon the communism of their kaingas and to encourage individual effort'.

And I had no earthly notion that sitting behind the title to the farm purchased in 1921 by my great-grandmother, Kate Gilhooly, was an earlier title granted by the Māori Land Court to mana whenua in 1883. The first two names on that title were those of Te Whiti o Rongomai and Tohu Kākahi.

This seems like quite a lot of important stuff not to have known. I stumbled across these things in the process of researching and writing a book, *The Forgotten Coast*, which began as an effort to understand my relationship with my father but wound up as something much bigger. Now that I know them, I find that they cannot be unknown. Neither can I avoid the question they pose — How is it that this detail did not feature in the family lore? — or the conundrum they present — What do I do with the knowledge that my mother's family established itself in this country on land the colonial state had taken from others?

Flora Feltham
Bad Archive

Ngāhuia Te Awekōtuku (Te Arawa, Tūhoe, Ngāpuhi, Waikato)
Hine Toa: A Story of Bravery

Una Cruickshank
The Chthonic Cycle

Richard Shaw
The Unsettled: Small Stories of Colonisation

He kupu whakamihi to all the authors whose inspired work has been recognised and honoured in this year's Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. We urge readers to seek out their titles in bookstores and libraries around the motu. And we invite you to join us for the awards ceremony on Wednesday 14 May – in person or via the livestream – to hear the finalists read from their books and to celebrate the ultimate winners. To find out more follow NewZealandBookAwards or #theockhams on Facebook and Instagram. For tickets visit www.writersfestival.co.nz.

The Ockhams Samplers were compiled with the assistance of the Academy of New Zealand Literature.

Look out for the other category samplers at:

OCKHAM NEW ZEALAND BOOK AWARDS

ANZL Academy of New Zealand Literature
Te Whare Mātātuhi o Aotearoa